THE CROWN

OF VENGEANCE & SORROW

SAVANACLAW HALLOWEEN ZINE

“This is not a throne you should desire, Kingscholar.”

Hello! Thank you so much for picking up this side zine celebrating all things Savanaclaw and Halloween-y. We, the mods and contributors, hope you had a wonderful October, or at the very least, a memorable Halloween!

A huge thank you to all the contributors, especially those who juggled both the second volume of ‘The Prince’s Uprising’ and ‘The Crown of Vengeance and Sorrow’!! These people are the true heroes for real, and I wouldn’t be able to give even 10% of what they did, though if you asked them, they’d disagree (don’t listen to them. They’re amazing folks).

A big thank you to Aivy (@aivy-saur on tumblr) and Marj (@aprityormarj on tumblr) for drawing our covers! They were increasingly being nerfed this entire time, and managed to create beautiful, wonderous pieces of art.

From us mods, we hope you love all 50 pages of fanfiction and art lovingly created over a period of four months!!

Head, Writing, & Design Mod- Soru (@soruiru on tumblr)
Art Mod- Nettles (@artistnettles on tumblr)

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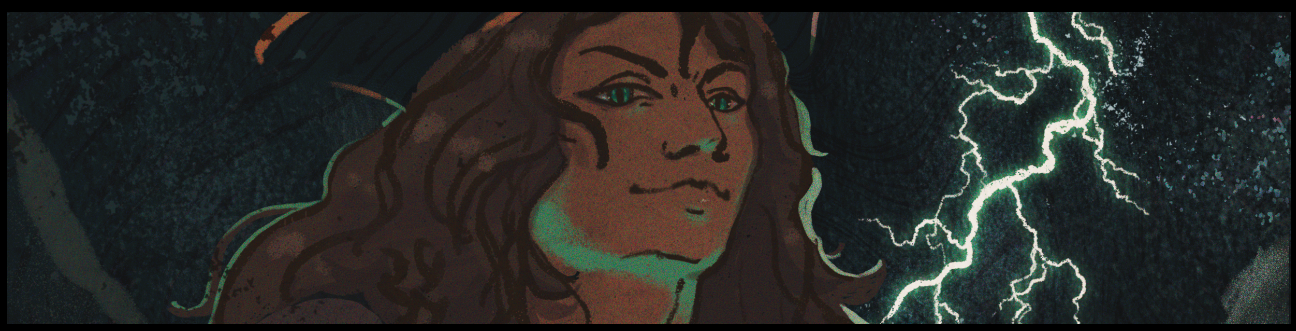

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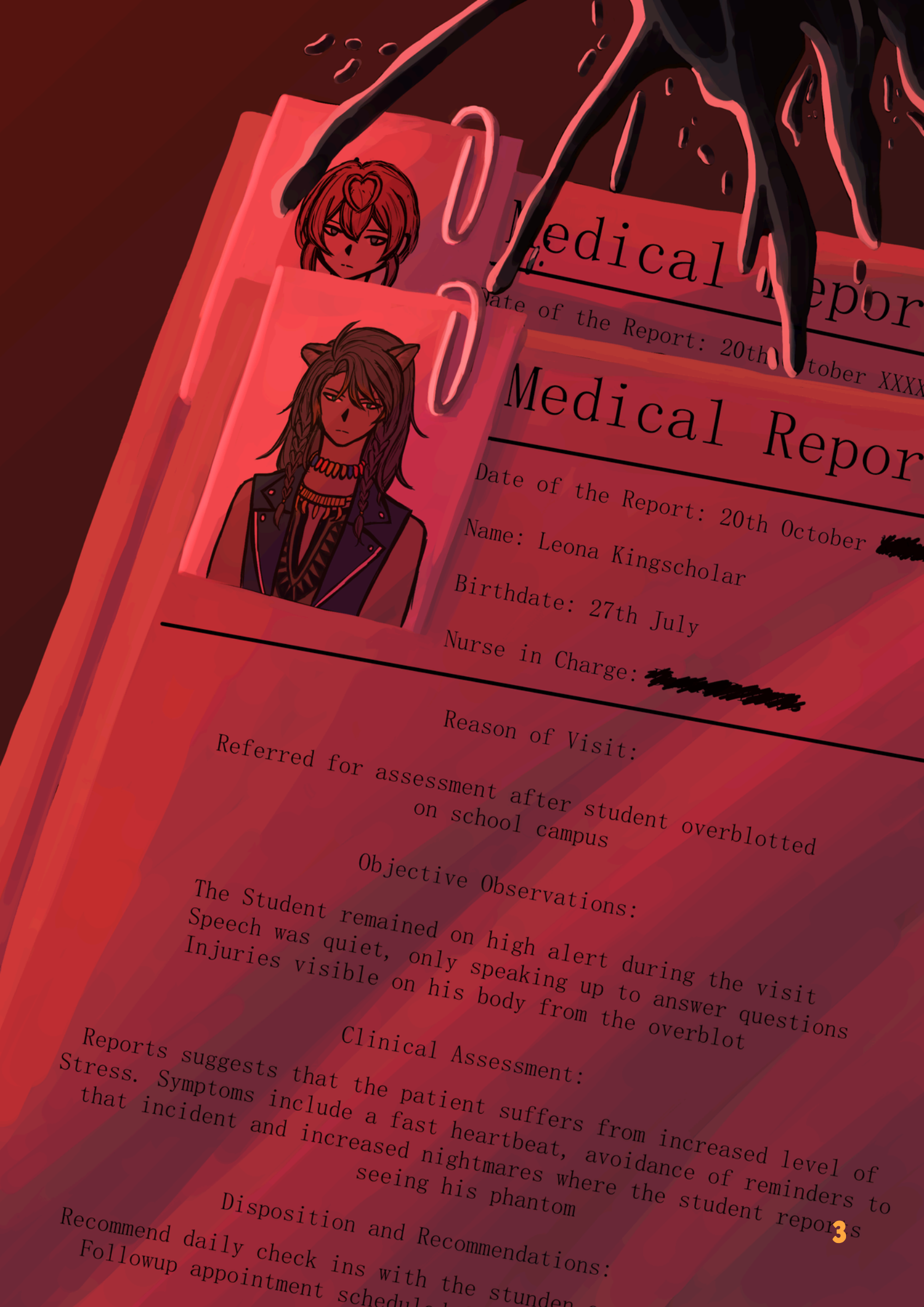

Medical Repor
Date of the Report: 20th October XXXX
Medical Repor
Date of the Report: 20th October
Name: Leona Kingscholar
Birthdate: 27th July
Nurse in Charge:
Reason of Visit:
Referred for assessment after student overblotted on school campus
Objective Observations:
The Student remained on high alert during the visit
Speech was quiet, only speaking up to answer questions
Injuries visible on his body from the overblot
Clinical Assessment:
Reports suggests that the patient suffers from increased level of Stress. Symptoms include a fast heartbeat, avoidance of reminders to that incident and increased nightmares where the student reports seeing his phantom
Disposition and Recommendations:
Recommend daily check ins with the stunden
Followup appointment schedul

The Monster in the Palace

MISS T.C. NOVA

A booming roar. A flash of white in the darkness. The glint before crimson rain and a piercing scream.

Blinding light stabs mercilessly at bleary eyes blinking into the sun. Groaning, the young man sits up rubbing at the dull pain on his left. Like a drill, it bores into his skull, leaving him exhausted before the day has even begun.

The lion rises like the dead, inevitably staggering into his morning class with the weight in his chest and the burn in his eyes. With every word that drones on, the further his thoughts drift from the lecture at hand, until a hand shakes him from his magic history nap.

“Leona, wake up. Class is over.”

An honest yawn shows off pointed canines while the man attempts to rouse himself enough to shuffle to his next class.

“Thanks,” he grumbles, shoving the mane from his face. A fist rubs at the dull ache.

“Y’know, I’ve been curious,” the prefect hums.

Leona gives the powerless human only half his attention as he stands. That is, until the question demands it.

“How did you get that scar?”

Ice crawls beneath his skin, threatening to arrest all function. His consciousness attempts to recede into darkness triggering his demeanor to act on autopilot—a routine he programed to run amidst his disassociation.

“This? Hmph. I’ve had it so long I don’t even remember how I got it.”

The prefect thinks on his words but, thankfully, does not press further. For Leona, though, it's already too far. Only the paltry excuse he can't even remember warns the other of his departure before he's already out the door.

It's so effortless a deceit despite the ice creeping across his heart. How many times he's heard that question is the same as the number of lies. Leona knows very well how he got this scar and it will haunt him until his dying breath.

"Farena, wait up!"

Small feet beat against the stone floor as the young cub tries to keep up with his sibling.

"C'mon Leo! Hurry up!" The red-head turns back for the briefest moment, grinning like the fool he is. Through moonlit halls, the brothers rush to the palace study.

"Why are we going to the study?! We already did our lessons! And it's past our bedtime!" the younger hisses.

"One of the guards said they'd teach us about Unique Magic if we got the class ready!"

"Really?!" Suddenly, little Leo is completely on board with his brother dragging him out of bed in the middle of the night.

With reckless abandon, the boys fly through the night, excited whispers marring the silence with excitement.

Through the blackened doorway, the brothers rush until the elder says, "Turn the lights on!"

The little brunette head nods eagerly.

A rounded ear flickers, goosebumps rippling across his skin. Harlequin eyes drawn by the foreboding aura find the corner of the room. At first, he doesn't quite comprehend what it is that he sees.

Then ice floods his veins. Breath hitches in his chest. Barely visible ng the shadows is a figure—a monster stalking in the unknown. Peering from the darkne glints a pair of cold, piercing blue eyes.

The cub freezes, petrified by that boring gaze. Fear stunts his breathing, seizing every muscle and thought. Even as his brother's hand rattles his shoulder, he can't tear his eyes away.

"Leo?"

Spotting what it is that has Leona's attention, the elder prince lets out a scream.

The monster moves quick, far faster than the cub can process, but when he hears the heavy thud that echoes in his ears, Leona turns. Looming over his sibling is a man that seems impossibly large, like a mountain the cub could never hope to overcome. And at the monster's feet lies his brother's body.

"Farena?"

But his brother doesn't response. He doesn't move a single muscle, though his chest continues to rise and fall.

Leona simply stares, petrified as the beast reaches for something. The sound of sliding metal blares like sirens in his ears, his breath practically cut by the blade that reveals itself in the cold moonlight. Gleaming as it turns, the blade rises, the point aimed for the helpless body on the floor.

Shaking, quivering, the younger brother snaps from his freeze to put himself in front of his family. Teeth bare in his best snarl, ears plastered against his skull. Though terror is coursing through his system, this is his brother who can no longer fend for himself.

Piercing, ice blue eyes gleam through the shadows at the children sprawled at his feet.

"What a brave cub you are." His voice creeps through the air, scraping at the child's faulty confidence. "Poor little Leona. Second prince of the Sunset Savana, shunned by his own people. Let me help you."

From the darkness, a pale palm extends to him.

The cub has spent his short life in the shadow of his older brother. Whatever feat he might achieve could never compare to the future king. His frustrations meant nothing in the face of the throne that would never belong to him. Leona knows that.

“Let me give you the crown. There will be no one left in your way and you won’t ever have to settle for being looked down on again.”

The glimmer of silver in the light pierces the boy’s resolve.

“All you have to do is step aside.”

Bravery crumbling in on itself, Leona’s gaze falls. Arms cover his chest to shield the child who wishes he’d stayed in bed.

A hand snags the cub, the sharp tug pulling him from the path to his sibling. The weak little boy can’t possibly stand against this beast. Unarmed, untrained, less than half the size of this beast—it’s hopeless.

His fearful gaze falls on helpless Falena, embers of fury glowing. That’s his brother and he’s not just going to let this man hurt him—not without a fight.

Lips part, the words of his heart escaping on a whispered breath.

“I am the one who hungers. I…am the one who thirsts.” Anger rises in his chest at this demon who thinks he can simply come in here and do as he pleases. A breeze brushes past. “I am the one to rob you of your future. Kneel before me! King’s Roar!”

Realizing that the younger cub is not done, the man turns just in time for the little lion to lunge. Fangs bared, the prince latches onto the intruder and, within seconds, dust begins to fall.

Immediately, the thrashing begins. A hand jerks and pulls at the kid, but Leona—fueled by adrenaline and fear—digs his claws deeper. Meanwhile, sand continues to dust the floor. This man came here to hurt his family, to kill his brother, but even if he was ignored and looked down on, he loves Farena.

A blaring roar fills the darkness. Silver flashes as it swipes through the moonlight, joined by a crimson glint.

Without warning, a blinding pain sears across the young cub's eye. He hits the ground, a scream tearing from his mouth. His fear is set aside at the outcry of the monster. Peering through the unmaimed eye, Leona sees the whirlwind engulfing the man as it slowly devours him. His knife clatters to the floor, hands trembling in front of him. Those piercing eyes stare in disbelief while sand falls through his grasp.

It's working—whatever magic the child conjured has taken hold without relent.

Leona stumbles to his feet.

"Stop! STOP IT!" the man howls in horror.

His words fall on deaf ears as the cub lunges again, screaming in fury and fear and pain. All the while, the intruder's form dissolves in a whirl of sand beneath the boy's hands. Even when there's nothing left but a pile of dust, Leona is swept along by the surge of negative emotion. The sand continues to eat away at the world around him like the terror in in his poor little heart.

"—na—"

Eyes clamped shut, hands pressed over his own ears, the cub wallows. From his burning throat, the screams continue.

"—eon—"

He's alone, he's afraid, he's hurt—all of it overwhelming him in a vicious cycle he's trapped in. A muffled sound barely breaks through the roaring despair.

"Leona!"

By the back of the arm, a hand snatches up the younger prince. The cub thrashes, slamming his hand down on the threatening hold.

“Prince Leona!”

And all at once, the magic douses itself, leaving behind a scared, pathetic child, staring up at a blurry vision of the Grand Chamberlain. Seeing the fear and disappointment in that man’s eyes almost hurts more than the open wound.

“What have you done?”

From that day on, no one looked at Leona the same. The staff now fled at the sight of him. His parents were ashamed of the destructive potential of their youngest. The Grand Chamberlain he thought his only friend now seemed disappointed just looking at him. Even his brother, the reason he was attacked, the reason he awoke this wretched magic, the reason he’s nearly blind in one eye—even his brother seemed to be afraid of him now. This was his fault, but Leona is the only one who’s suffering. It’s almost as if he’s the monster that snuck into the palace that night.

“Yo, Leona.”

A hand grazes against his left, seizing the heart in his chest. Fangs bared, magic rushing to his palms, Leona turns on the unexpected presence. When his harlequin gaze meets that of a familiar hyena, he realizes that this is not that time. The snarl falls from his face. Though the underclassman flinched, there’s no fear there. Tension melts off the lion and so too does the hyena relax.

Voice filled with concern, he asks softly, “You okay, man?”

Leona’s head shakes in hopes of dispelling the darkness. A shoddy attempt as its ink-covered fingers leave stains on his sanity.

“I’m fine. What d’you want?”

Ruggie’s lips twist in doubt and Leona already knows his mask is slipping. In all his life, only two people have ever caught on to the prince’s insecurities. However, the Grand Chamberlain didn’t seem to think that mattered when the young prince disintegrated an intruder within palace walls. Ruggie, however, knew immediately, persistent until he was almost shredded.

Yet it’s the only comfort Leona’s ever received regarding what happened.

Unphased by the sharpness, Ruggie lets his head tilt. There's no smile, no fear or appeasement—only understanding.

"You know I just finished washing your blankets. I'll bring dinner by later."

For a moment, Leona simply stares at the second year. The proud part of him wants to snap back, say he's fine and push on, but a larger part is just so very tired of fighting.

Exhausted and on the brink of crumpling right there, Leona mutters, "Okay."

With that, he slumps away back to the Savannaclaw Dorm, back to his room, and back beneath the covers of his bed. It's there he finds a second of solace before the depression wracks his chest until he falls asleep alone, as he always has been.

FEAR STREET
SCREAM
THE BOY

A New Halloween Memory

IT-HAPPENED-ONE-FIC

I really should've known better than to accept Jack's invitation to tour the Savanaclaw ghost ship before any guests came for the NRC Halloween festivities so I could give a second opinion. Because if there was anything this school's students were good at, it was getting into meanness.

In fact, Jack was probably the only reason I agreed to come. I did trust him, at the very least. But even he could get hoodooed into going against his better instincts at times.

Which was probably why I was standing here, like an idiot, in the eerily lit interior of the ghost ship the Savanaclaw dorm had built, all on my own, where Ruggie had shoved me through a hole in the ship's hull. Eliciting a tiny shriek from me while he'd only snickered even as I'd fussed at him.

And I knew precisely what sort of situation this was. Even if Jack hadn't intended for things to end up this way, I was now officially taking part in a haunted ghost tour. And I didn't even have Grim to keep me company since he'd scampered off earlier today to find out what sort of Halloween treats Trey might be making.

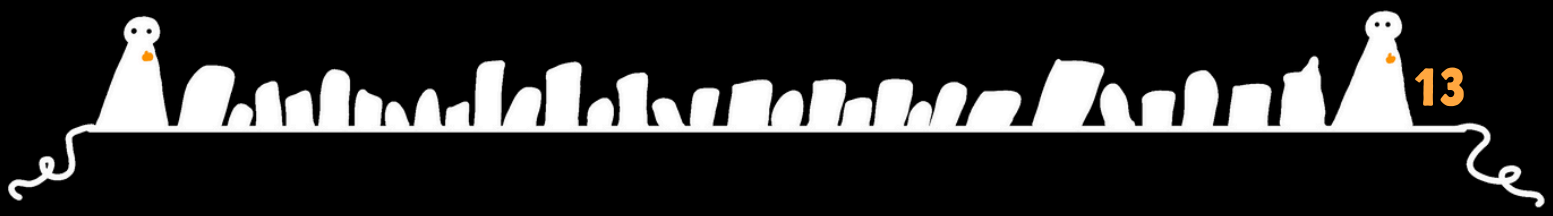
Something I was now wishing I'd accompanied him for.

I was good mind to just leave, but I found myself staying for reasons even I didn't understand beyond sheer stubbornness on my part as I glanced around. Frowning at the glittering gold coins that were scattered throughout the space.

I had no doubts that they were a trigger of some sort, so I definitely wasn't going to touch any of them. Even if I was curious about how the students had gone about making them look so realistic.

Probably some form of magic….

I started forward, already wary of any shadows that I came across that looked overly suspicious.



Jump scares would probably be the go-to attack, knowing the group I was dealing with, so that was probably what I'd need to worry about the most. But I doubted just charging forward with my eyes closed would work. That would probably just result in me slamming headlong into someone.

I imagined there were Savanaclaw students stationed all throughout the ship, and the endpoint of this demented, haunted tour would probably be the deck of the ship.

If any of them tried to playfully make me walk the plank, though, I was not above tattling to one of the teachers. At the very least Professor Crewel or Trein would probably scold them.

I would play along with the ghost tour since it was Halloween, and this could be counted as a test run, though. After all, Jack had mentioned getting my opinion on the decorations as a sort of last-minute review before it was well and truly time for action.

So I wandered around, finding I was unsure if I was relieved that no one had jumped out yet or if that just made the entire thing worse. Because I knew it was coming.

I frowned as soon as I spotted the beaten-up-looking staircase in the corner, though.

It looked like it had come straight out of Ramshackle dorm, which was almost a comforting thought, except for one thing.

That was obviously the path I was intended to take, which meant that way would most definitely lead to jump scares.

I squared my shoulders and started forward, though. One creaky step at a time.

And, as if on cue, there was a heavy footstep behind me, and I froze. Tensing all over even as I inwardly reminded myself that it was just another student. No matter how they were dressed to inspire fear.

And even though I knew I shouldn't, I looked over my shoulder.

And there was nothing there.

I exhaled and looked back forward only to immediately scream. I stumbled backwards and fell into the coins before I recognized the young man that had seemingly materialized right in front of me and was now laughing.

“Ruggie!!” I all but hissed his name as he snickered and scampered off. Leaving me to scramble my way back to my feet among the fake coins that slid treacherously underfoot. Grumbling indignantly all the way as I started back up the staircase with no interruption this time.

And by the time I’d finally made it to the top, there was, of course, no Ruggie in sight.

I let out a huff, glancing suspiciously around the room I was now in, but I couldn’t deny it. The Savanaclaw boys had definitely put a lot of work into their ghost ship.

Despite the wrecked exterior, the interior was the perfect image of a once decadent ship, now aged and long abandoned after having been wrecked however many eons ago.

Ripped red curtains hung from beams, and the furniture was purely decadent, if aged.

I could only assume they’d used magic to decorate everything, but a small part of me wondered if they really had used Ramshackle dorm as a reference for how to make things look so old and worse for wear but simultaneously so nice.

The only problem was that there was no obvious hiding place for any Savanaclaw students to jump out from and scare me.

But then any future visitors might be supposed to get chased around by Ruggie in here rather than dealing with the way he’d scampered off earlier.

I walked through, almost smiling at the way the boards creaked under my feet as I idly wondered if they were enchanted to do that. It was a nice touch either way, though I imagined it would make for a squeaky fiasco if people were to run around in here.

I could almost picture Jack’s ears flattening in displeasure at the sound of it, and I snorted to myself in quiet amusement as I continued to look around. Suppressing the urge to poke any of the decorations that had been carefully pre-coated in a mixture of dust and cobwebs.

I made it through the room without any issues and opened the door with little to no difficulty. Peering into the room behind it cautiously before I hesitantly stepped through.

I glanced around and noted the large desk before the door slammed shut behind me. Causing me to jump in surprise and whirl before frowning as I put two and two together.

I jiggled the doorknob, but, sure enough, it was shut tightly. In fact, it actually felt like someone was holding it closed from the other side.

“Ruggie? Is that you?” I called out, but there was no response. Not surprising, really, but successful in that it got me to abandon the door. It was obvious I was supposed to continue onwards anyway.

But I didn’t like this room. I didn’t like this room at all. Because this room felt suspiciously like where the captain’s quarters would be. And I had a sneaking suspicion I knew exactly who would be in the role of captain.

I looked around for anywhere I thought a certain lion beastman would hide to no avail. Which wasn’t really that odd, considering Leona could be quite well-hidden when he wanted to be.

I could only hope he was asleep, wherever he was.

I walked further into the room, looking around for anything akin to a staircase before I finally found it tucked away in a corner. A curving staircase that I assumed led to the deck of the ship.

And the entire time I was beyond suspicious. Because this was far too peaceful to be normal.

This ought to be the final room, which should have the biggest scare factor of all. Or it should have built on the rest of the ship to add a sense of horror. But it did neither. Instead, it felt oddly lackluster and more like I was being harassed than like I was going through a ghost ship.

And then the door opened.

I looked back in time to see one of the larger students come barreling in. Somehow knowing precisely where I was as he outright bellowed at me as I stared at him in alarm before my flight instinct kicked in and I turned and bolted.

I all but dove at the stairs as I scrambled my way up the steps with the young man hot on my heels.

I didn't even hesitate as I slammed headlong into Jack, which only served to startle me more as he tried to grab me reactively. I kept going, though, as more and more students popped up from where they'd somehow hidden inside the stairwell itself as I scrambled my way up to the deck.

I spun to look behind me, half out of breath as I stared in trepidation at the darkened space behind me. But no one came out, and I felt myself faltering, a confused sound slipping out of me as my gaze darted around the deck in search of anything amiss as I exhaled heavily.

Hands clamped down on my arms, and I finally let out a startled shriek before I spun and instinctively swung out. My hand colliding with someone before they caught my wrists with an annoyed sound.

"Enough with the yowling, Herbivore. You're making my ears hurt." Leona's voice was filled with only a mild degree of annoyance, and I froze. Opening my eyes and looking up at him in slow surprise only to find that my hand had, in fact, collided with the side of his face, which was now slightly reddened.

Behind me I could hear Ruggie wheezing in laughter as other students came pouring out of the stairwell, all but roaring in amusement.

Leona let go of me, his ears still flattened as he stepped back with an annoyed shake of his head as I glanced back to see Ruggie was raking in stacks of money even as he continued to snicker to himself.

"What…?" I trailed off in confusion, and Leona crossed his arms.

"They placed bets on how far you'd make it. Ruggie won."

“I told them you’d be faster than they thought,” Ruggie was wholly guilt-free as he all but cackled to himself over his new riches, and all at once everything seemed to slowly slip into place.

I looked back at the other students as Jack made his way over with a droopy tail and deep frown on his face. And, unlike Ruggie, he definitely felt guilty. “Sorry, Prefect. Ruggie said it’d be the best way to see how good our decorations and costumes really are.”

“...You could’ve warned me,” I crossed my arms, outright frowning at all of them, and I heard a snort from behind me.

I glanced back at where Leona stood, a smirk now on his face as Ruggie responded in his stead, “Now what fun would that have been?”

“Besides, this way you weren’t prepared, and that’s what we were looking for. An unsuspecting audience,” Leona finished with a grin.

Honestly, I wanted to fuss. But I knew perfectly well it wouldn’t do any good. So instead I just shook my head, “You’d best not grab any of the guests like you did me, because I will not be protecting any of you from Trein or Crewel.”

“Nah, that was for you and you alone, Prefect. You got our special run-through,” Ruggie winked playfully. Throwing a casual arm over my shoulders as I let out an unimpressed hum in response.

I frowned as I glanced Jack’s way, though. Noting the guilty look he was still wearing, I let out a sigh. “You might want to throw in a few more scares midway through, but it was pretty good otherwise. And your ship looks nice.”

I watched as he perked up and the other students began grinning. Clapping one another on the back at a successful run-through even as I shook my head slightly with an admittedly fond smile.

If nothing else, I could chalk it up to a new Halloween memory.

Rook Hunt, 1850-1853. Diary of Johnathan Greymetal

QUILLAFFINITY

Diary of Johnathan Greymetal (circa 1850-1853)

Author - Jonathan Greymetal (approx. 1811- 1853)
Origin - Recovered from the site of an antique shipwreck off the coast of Sunset Savannah. Additional details under review.
Ref. Number - 9763321.09 (Foreign Nauticals)
Donated by - Rook Hunt, Associate Archaeologist at the Gulliver Institute
Date Donated - 10/30/20XX

Item Description

Exhibit 9763321.09 is a 6in by 3in leatherbound book of pebbled, flaking texture of approx 300 pages. Patches on the leatherwork show that the book was previously damaged and repaired using various scraps of leather (animal) and fishing wire. Original coloring is similar to terracotta, patchwork leatherwork ranges from red to black in color, and coarse to fine in texture.

Original lettering on the front cover of the book has been worn away by a combination of wear, age, and liquid-based erosion (sea water, blood). Recovery efforts are currently under review, pending Museum Director approval.

The first thirty or so pages are stuck to the front cover due to a buildup of salt and mold. Pages appear to be a mixture of cotton and plant pulp with blue, waterlogged quill ink that transcribes the owner's last voyage as the ship captain of The Crowning Glory.

DO NOT come into contact with Exhibit 9763321.09 without Zone 5 clearance and explicit supervision by the Department Director of Occult Studies and Curses, Dr. Chernabog.

DO NOT handle Exhibit 9763321.09 without Level 3 PPE and a loaded gun on person. Only one lead bullet is allowed inside the gun at all times.

DO NOT read any portion of Exhibit 9763321.09 out loud without direct permission from the Museum Director after your final will and testament has been notarized and a firing squad has been arranged.

-Dr. Micheal M. Ous, Gulliver Institute Chief Archeologist and Medical Examiner, Timestamp: 11/02/20XX at 11:34:26pm

Supplemental 1a Transcript
Date Created: 11/03/20XX at aprox. 11:35am

"This is Jim Hawkins reporting in on Wednesday, November 3rd, 20XX at about…11:35am, I am currently standing in the Artifact Examination lab looking at a really gnarly book because my boss's boss told me to.

[Pause]

"I actually don't know if said boss is going to listen to this recording, so lemme just… [sounds of throat clearing] This is Jim Hawkins reporting in on Wednesday, November 3rd, 20XX at 11:35am. I am here in the west wing's Artifact Examination lab as per the request of the Director of Occult Studies and Curses, Dr. Chernabog, to perform a Level 1 examination of… [papers rustling] Exhibit 9763321.09 from the foreign nauticals exhibit.

"Exhibit 9763321.09 was donated by one Rook Hunt, who definitely isn't the creepiest guy I know, and is a small, brown-orange book that appears to have been through some shi-I mean, a lot of wear, tear, and sea damage. But, as per my…orders, I need to complete a thorough examination of this artifact for museum record…[sigh] despite my area of expertise being in the history of nautical navigation, here I am poking at what is definitely a cursed book. Guess I have government-mandated budget cuts to thank for that.

"[another sigh] Well, wish me luck."

[long verbal silence of about two and a half hours ensues, in which the repeated sound of keycard scanners beep intermittently as Hawkins goes in and out of the room with research material. There is a dull hum in the air due to the white noise of laboratory equipment. Hawkins, occasionally, makes small noises, mostly hums and sighs, as he pours over the research material in tandem with the scrape and scrap of Exhibit 9763321.09's pages]

"[letting go of a long breath] Okayyy…So, from what I can gather between a truly obscene amount of books and Exhibit 9763321.09's contents, this journal once belonged to a ship captain by the name of Johnathan Greymetal. Turns out, he was a pretty interesting guy. Graduated top of his class from the naval academy but defected about a year and half into his service to become a pirate. I guess he was a better thief than a cop [Hawkins snorts before continuing].

'The journal documents his last voyage aboard his vessel, The Crowning Glory. Apparently, he was looking into [Hawkins pauses] no, wait, lemme just…[the creak of a weathered book closing shut as the tape recorder is picked up and moved]. Yeah. Yeah, sorry, I just…I wanted to move away from that thing.

"Didn't want to, uh, accidentally read from it [strained chuckling]

"A-Anyway, Graymetal was looking for an even older pirate ship that once belonged to a former prince. Pretty interesting stuff, especially since the Museum is preeeetty sparse in all things concerning Sunset Savanna. I didn't even know that their king at the time had a younger brother, but apparently he was a real piece of work. Royal edicts at the time make reference to an apparent banishment. Something having to do with an attempted coup? Or maybe nepoticide? Beats me. [Hawkins pauses during which the sound of notes being written can be heard]

"So little brother got usurped? Maybe? And became a pirate. Not all that different from Greymetal really. Ol' Greymetal even makes a joke about it here and there…yeah…

"Our dearly departed captain said quote 'Seems both Capt. Kingscholar and I both got tossed out like yesterday's trash, only difference is that I won't end up at the bottom of the sea' unquote.

“Supposedly, the little brother heard his nephew had died and was on his way back home… for what I’m not sure. To claim the throne? To mourn? The guy lost everything that ever tied him to that country and yet…

“Greymetal describes how the government of Sunset Savannah hated the former second prince so much during this time that they just blew him out of the water. Cannons, mage arms, dynamite…the whole sha-bang just to take out one guy. Though not sure if it's a small mercy or not, but there’s not a single report of the second prince’s crewmates jumping ship. Even as they got blown to smiterings, they stayed by their captain’s side.”

[The sound of a phone alarm cuts him off]

“Wha-Oh. Oh, quitting time, I guess. Uh…Supplemental to be continued later.”

[Tape clicks. Statement ends.]

Supplemental 1b Transcript
Date Created: 11/04/20XX at 1:47am

[The repeated sound of a keycard scanner beeps with increasing urgency, distant and frustrated thumping can be heard as access is repeatedly denied]

[Distantly] “Fuck…FUCK…C’mon, work you stupid little-”

[The keycard reader then beeps in the affirmative, letting in the sound of rushed breathing as someone storms into the laboratory. Clattering noises ensue - rustling paper, knocked over pens, and toppled books]

“Where is it? Where the hell is it? C’mon, c’mon, c’mon!”

[The bustling noises grow closer to the tape recorder before ceasing suddenly for several seconds]

“I…I didn’t leave that on…[to himself] what the fuck what the fuck what the-”

[The sound of chains dragging on linoleum draws close haltingly, almost one-leggedly. Still silence drags on for a longer moment, broken only by the aforementioned chains coming closer and closer]

[Whispering quietly] "This…This is Jim Hawkins, I-I don't know if I left this recorder on or if Dr. Ous turned it on to spy on me or some other horrible third thing, but if you can hear me… Please, please just let my mom know I'm sorry. I-I should've visited more, should've bought her nicer things, should've stayed by her side instead of moving all the way out here for this godforsaken job…

"I told them I wasn't qualified to do this shit, I told them that i didn't sign up for the institute to mess with all this occult stuff and now-"

[the dragging chains reach the hallway outside the laboratory]

he knows, predators always do

[Hawkins rushes to hide under a sleek metal table, taking the tape recorder with him, his breathing quick and panicked, and his voice just barely a whisper] "I had just gotten home. Slept as soon as my head hit the pillow. Didn't dream or anything, just black. Black like ink or the sea at night. Then the air started to get dry. Felt like every breath was laced with sand. My throat burned. Woke up, thinking all I needed was a glass of water and there he was.

"I would've missed him, hiding in the shadows of my room, had it not been for the glint of his eye. Then it was like I couldn't look at anything else. And his face…oh god his face…there was a scar, a gnash right where his right eye would've been. Bleeding and dripping like it was still fresh. He looked real, not like those pale, blobby ghosts Dr. Chernabog communes with. I've never seen a lion beastman before o-or even one so-"

'Did you have fun? Makin' fun of all my efforts? Stabbing me in the back an' gorging out my heart?'

[Hawkins whimpers softly, silencing himself as a grainy, deep voice makes itself known from outside the laboratory door. The sound of encroaching chains dragging atop of linoninum continues, unbothered by wall or door]

'Just wanted one thing…just one thing all my own, all mine to rule. But you couldn't let me have that much could you?'

[Hawkin's breathing stutters as if suddenly caught somewhere unbearably humid]

'*Now look at me, look at my pride…Jack, Ruggie, all of them are rotting at the bottom of sea but i can still hear them…Captain…Captain* [a chair screeches]...*CAPTAIN!'* [a table is thrown into a row of cabinets, the crash and breaking of vials, bottles, and cabinet doors can be heard as Hawkins lets out a gasping yelp]

'That damn parliament, old ass pricks who hated me without cause… it's insulting that even in death I'm bound in their chains

'They trusted me and I…I let my own grief drive them to their deaths. [the grainy distortion worsens] *We could've lived forever on those waters, could've torn into the world into something new…but* [the grainy distortion grows worse still] *Cheka…'*

[Hawkins breath chokes in his own lungs]

'He was just a baby…Could've never hated him, could've never hurt him…But it's not like anyone believed me when I said that. Then, as if that ain't enough, none of you could leave me, leave us alone in death! Ha! All you greedy bastards just had to poke and prod at the graveyard of everyone I ever loved…'

[silence]

[The sound of clanging chains ceases. Hawkins's breathing gets slower, softer.]

'Don't that deserve recompense?'

[Hawkins's screams are just barely audible above the metallic screech of a desk being violently pulled away. Tape recorder clatters to the floor. Hawkins's plea for his life cracks and crumbles in increasing hoarseness until he is silenced, permanently. Additional audio can be heard at this time, but has been deemed untranscribable.]

[Tape clicks. Statement ends.]

Supplemental 2a Transcript
Date Created: 11/05/20XX at aprox. 10:55am

“This is Dr. Micheal M. Ouse reporting in on Friday, November 5th, 20XX at 10:55am. I am here in the west wing’s Artifact Examination lab after last night’s incident, as per both the request of Dr. Chernabog and Museum protocol to provide an offical statement on what happened in regards to Exhibit 9763321.09

“At approximately 1:30 in the morning on Thursday, November 4th, one of our associate curators within the nautical history department entered Gulliver Institute premises without permission and or notice.

“Somehow, this associate, a Mr. Hawkins, I believe, was able to sneak past security and enter the Artifact Examination room in which Exhibit 9763321.09 was being held. Security cameras show him in a highly agitated state as he entered the lab, unfortunately, the cameras inside the room appeared to blur. Or perhaps a more accurate description would be buried.

“As it so happened, the tape recorder left within the room was recording at the time, which provided a great deal of valuable information for the Institute. And, thankfully, Exhibit 9763321.09 remained unharmed during the entirety of the incident. Myself and Dr. Chernabog are looking forward to reviewing the tapes and Exhibit 9763321.09 in more detail in the coming days. Seems his appointment of Hawkins to the task actually paid off…

“Ah, but I’m getting a bit ahead of myself, I suppose. The camera’s video quality cleared after an hour or so, during which piles of sand could be seen scattered around the thrashed-about room. Hawkins’s corpse, the dried-out remnants of it at least, will be cataloged as Exhibit 9763321.09-1 for further study.

“His personal effects will be sent to his next of kin at the Institute’s convenience.

“Any follow-up and or continuance of study into Exhibit 9763321.09 and Exhibit 9763321.09-1 are hereby classified for Zone 5 personnel and higher. Any leakage of the aforementioned materials will result in termination, professionally and otherwise.

“Signing out, this is Dr. Michel M. Ous, Chief Archeologist and Medical Examiner of the Gulliver Institute.”

[FURTHER READING HAS BEEN REDACTED]

[ZONE 5 ACCESS REQUIRED]

[PROCEED?]

DICENETE

the golden shi-shi

The Last Laugh

SORU

The tapestry always smelled like dust and rotten things, even when someone took it out to air and clean it up.

It had been either on display or rolled up in some corner of the Savanaclaw lounge ever since Ruggie could remember— hell, when he asked Leona, he'd said the same thing. That tapestry was always there and, unlike the others colouring the dorm, the story of *this* one had been 'lost to time'.

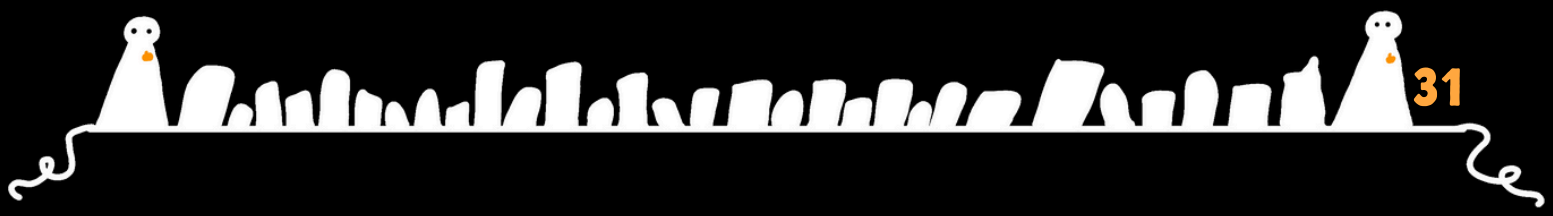
It always came out for Halloween though, and every year, one unfortunate soul was chosen by a rigorous ballot system ("one of the only times Savanaclaw ever came close to a fuckin' democracy or something", according to Leona). This time, it was Jack, and the guy looked close to crying as he unfurled the tapestry in a ceremony Ruggie's roommate had dubbed "The Unveiling".

While the tapestry was creepy, it was— quite frankly— also very ugly, like it had been woven by a child, but also like the person who had created it was not native to the Sunset Savannah. "Anyone with their money's worth knows how to weave," Ruggie mumbles as Jack studies the tapestry. A typical orange-gold like all the other tapestries in the dorm, it featured animals typical to the Sunset Savannah— lions, leopards, hyenas, elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, deer, and more— but the way they were depicted only served to raise heckles instead of inspire.

At the bottom corner, typically reserved for the motif of the artist or his family, was a hyena, mouth wide in a laugh that was almost too sharp. The threads in the corner were faded, which was odd considering its relevance, but the teeth were bright; like they had only recently been woven.

"Looks creepy," Jack muttered.

Ruggie tilted his head, squinting. "Nah. Looks like family." He bared his own teeth in a grin, matching the woven hyena's. "See? We're practically twins. Don't be such a scaredy-pup." Jack shook his head, muttering something about "bad vibes," but the tapestry stayed up as it did every year.



That night, almost predictably, Ruggie had his first Halloween dream. Unlike his usual ones, which involved him being chased by pumpkin-headed ghosts, or with Leona tossing him into a shallow pond only to be nibbled on by fish because they smelt sugar, this one involved him trying to escape a house he'd never been in.

"When I find you, you'll feel right at home~" whispered the voice of the house, though Ruggie wasn't sure whether that was him whispering to himself or the actual voice of the house. By the time Ruggie woke up just in time for Crewel's class, the only thing he remembered was the house and his own laughter echoing through its walls.

"Man, I really need to cut down on those energy drinks," he mutters, shoving his legs through his uniform pants as he rushes downstairs and out the door. But as he passed the tapestry again, hung in a corner that brought it attention and yet kept it hidden, the tapestry's hyena seemed brighter in the dim light. Its eyes glimmered, catching him just right.

Ruggie laughed, out of habit, but mostly to deflect the nagging uneasiness growing in him. "Guess the pup's paranoia's rubbin' off on me." Except the tapestry laughed back— not in a way that was obvious to everyone, just in the way hyenas cackled before a good meal. A chuckle, almost under its breath, in a language no one except Ruggie understood.

"…Nah. Nope. No way." He rubbed his eyes, almost pressing the heels of his hands into his face, shook his head, and walked faster out of the dorm. "Too many energy drinks and late nights, that's all."

The days blurred after that particular incident. Ruggie found himself amiss at all times of the day, and had even been counseled (an attempt was made) by Crewel, who could find no reason for his behaviour at all. Meanwhile, his dreams continued, stuck in that same house, unable to run out past the front door.

"Leona?" he tried once, half-joking, half-not, standing outside the door to the housewarden's room.

"M'busy. Get lost."

Ruggie hesitated, then forced his trademark grin, though no one was in the corridor to see it. "'Course. Just thought I'd… nah, forget it." What was he gonna say? *Hey boss, I think I'm bein' sewn into the weird tapestry and I've also been having these nightmares where my laugh keeps echoing in this creepy house. Any advice?* Nobody would believe him. Nobody but Jack— and Jack already thought the thing was cursed.

So Ruggie kept it to himself.

When Ruggie Bucchi vanished, nobody noticed it at first.

Not because he wasn't valuable, not because he wasn't loved, but because he had a habit of slinking in and out of small spaces all the time, be it day or night, and no one, not even Leona, who could perceive most people, could find him when it was time for him to hide.

But Jack noticed, as he always did, and went straight to Leona, asking about Ruggie's whereabouts. "How should I know?" the lion beastman had responded, acquiescing only when Jack frowned so hard he unconsciously clenched his fists.

The two of them make their way down to the dorm kitchen, where, ideally, he should be at this time of day, making himself something simple to eat— simple enough that he didn't waste any extra ingredients or money. However, Jack immediately moved from the kitchen to the wall where the tapestry was hung, like he almost knew that's where Ruggie would be, but as Leona followed, all he saw was the freshman freeze and flinch in his own skin, like he'd been confronted with something ugly.

"Oi, pup. What're you—" Leona started before stopping and narrowing his eyes. The woven hyena with ashy blonde hair and gentle blue eyes met his gaze, his mouth moving silently, teeth flashing, and Leona swore— for just a second— that he heard Ruggie's voice.

"Boss… still got your back. Still laughin'... still laughin'…"

The tapestry was immediately removed, Leona attempting (and failing) to turn it to sand. Crewel, Crowley, Vargas, Trein, and the rest of the Night Raven College professors were informed, but even to them, it seemed that Ruggie was consumed, never to leave. With that announcement, Jack and Leona took down the tapestry, rolled it away and shoved it where it lay for 364 days a year, holding a small but decent funeral for the hyena beastman.

Somehow, long after they'd graduated, someone always thought it'd be a fun idea to pull out the tapestry and do "The Unveiling", watching the ash-blond hyena's teeth shimmer through the dimness of the cloth. And every year, they say that if you manage to get close enough to it, you'll hear a young man's voice chuckle through the threads— *"Still got your back, Boss. One last joke."*

Ruggie Bucchi's last laugh.

Shattered Mirror

KOURO

Night Raven College was chaotic that day. Students and teachers alike were trying to leave the school as Grim, a monstrous chimera covered in blot raged havoc, breathing out blue flames and the tentacles lashing out.

Yuu watched helplessly with wide eyes as Leona pulled them into the mirror that led right outside of school. Safety.

“Leona!“ They cried as the mirror shattered into pieces in front of them, with Yuu only seeing the mirror shards showing parts of his face.

Yuu was quiet as one of the teachers got them to blanket. They stared into shards, seeing their own split reflection. They shuttered as Crewel looked at the ongoing chaos from afar.

“Leona is still in there!” Yuu shrilled.

Meanwhile with Leona, he hid as grim growled, sniffing for any strays. He had a bead of sweat fall, nervous. He wouldn’t know Grim would overblot and try to kill anyone in their path.

He sighed heavily as he ran his hand through his hair.

‘What do I do? I can’t just go in front of Grim. He can sniff his prey’

Then Leona spotted a injured Ruggie who got trampled by the crowd. He looked like he is barely holding on, with that broken ankle. Leona cursed under his breath as he went up to the hyena beastmen and checked the broken limb.

"You need the doctor," Leona mumbled as he looked outside. Grim was on a rampage and the mirror was broken, so there was no way out of the ruined campus. He grumbled before picking up Ruggie and carrying him on his back.

As he carefully walked out of the mirror chamber, going into one the hallways as one of the stray students bumped into Leona, looking scared.

“Where did everyone go?!" The students said, looking at the chaos.

"Outside of NRC, but we're stuck," Leona said as he laid Ruggie down an got the bandages. He looked on and saw the horrid of a state Night Raven College is in. Everything was crumbling or on fire, a bight blue one.

Leona looked at Ruggie then the student. "We need to leave," Leona grimaced as he carried the hyena and walked with the scared student and Leona looked away, looking strained. He has to ease up the student somehow so they can protect them self when push comes to shove.

"So, what year are you in?" Leona whispered to the student as they walked to the darkened hallways of the campus.

"Second."

Leona nodded as they reached the nurses office and laid Ruggie on one of the beds and checked the medicine cabinet and found painkillers. The lion beastmen got a cup of water and casted a water spell.

“Take this,” Leona said as he gave Ruggie two pain meds and the cup of water. Reggie weakly glanced at his dorm leader.

“Thanks,” Ruggie said as he took the meds.

Meanwhile with Yuu and the others outside of NRC, Yuu was looking at NRC as Crewel comforted them.

“It’s going to be okay, Pup. Leona will find a way back,” Professor Crewel reassured as he patted Yuu’s back.

“What if Leona doesn't make it back?” They said, their voice shaky and uncertain, “Then what do we do?”

“We save them.”

“How?”

“Search and rescue, pup,” Crewel said with a smirk as Ace looked offended at the mere thought of it.

“Are you crazy-”

Crewel glared at Ace which ceased his complaining.

“As I said, search and rescue,” Crewel said as he got the plans that came out of thin air.

Jack looked back at NRC before looking at his professor.

"What do you need me to do?" Jack said movated as he got his magic pen. The other sanvanaclaw students did the same, pulling out their Pens.

Vargad laughed in triumph as he chose students for the team going back to NRC with him, as yuu walked up to Professor Crewel.

“Can I join?” Yuu asked, hesitating. Professor crewel nodded as he got them some basic first aid.

“Go find some of the stray pups left behind,” Crewel said hopeful as yuu went to the search and rescue team.

“We will find you Leona. Just wait.” they said as they ran into the campus, ready to face Grim and finding the others.

A QUIET PLACE
IN
SAVANACLAW

A Quiet Place in Savanaclaw

SORU & PHUCCA

As always, most things that started in Night Raven College started suddenly, much without warning.

Leona was well known for being a heavyweight sleeper (not that he'd ever gotten that title for his wrestling, anyway), but in all his years of sleeping his dreamless sleeps, he'd never actually once slept through a blizzard raging over a desert. The wind howls over his ears as he sits up slowly, the wood and cloth curtains battling the rage outside.

"What in the actual fuck is going on?" He questions no one in particular as he tosses on his coat and his slippers and makes his way down to the Savanaclaw Lounge room, where all his juniors were gathered around a makeshift fire pit for warmth.

"Leona-san!" he hears Ruggie, voice pitched higher than normal.

"What the hell happened here? Who messed with the environment settings again?" Leona asks, glaring at the rest of the students gathered.

"I—It wasn't us, Leona-senpai!" A first year pup stammers out, a second year smacking the back of his head to shut him up. "Honest! We hadn't done anything to fuck up the weather!"

"Then— and 'm serious, someone better give me a straight answer— ***what. Happened***."

"We really don't know, Leona-san," Ruggie interjects like a gentle mother protecting her children from her husband's temper. "But all we can tell you is that this was sudden, and that most of the students away from the dorm hurried back."

"Did you take stock?" Leona asks as Ruggie shakes his head. "Then do that and find the idiots missing who might have something to do with this. I'm headin' out."

"Out? Out where?" Ruggie stammers, unused to seeing Leona so fired up for something that wasn't Spelldrive. "It's fuckin' freezing, Leona-san!"

"You ain't notice," Leona starts, tucking his tail into his coat for some extra warmth as some random curtain rattles against the walls again, "But the pup ain't here. Now, I don't know if **he's** the one responsible for this or not… but we'll reserve that line of questioning for when I drag him back and threaten Crowley to fix this shit. You handle the rest."

As always, most things that started in Night Raven College started suddenly, much without warning. Jack's overblot happened the same way.

It was fine and expected, of sorts, all things considered— he'd been stressed out, the workload Crewel gave his class was a little higher than usual, he'd had a big track meet coming up which could place him on the international level and give him and his teammates the spotlight they desperately craved— all things that could eventually lead to an overblot, he supposed.

But that's not how it really started— blot dropping onto the ground like gentle rain or snow before the storm— soft and easy; like a guiding hand, warning of pain to come. One moment he was fine, and then, he couldn't breathe anymore. Blot crawling up his lungs like a sentient worm, slipping over his tongue, and the edge of his lips, as if excited to grace the world.

"A—Ah." is all Jack can murmur as he throws up the black sludge. The blot taunts him, menacingly, while dyeing his pristine white sports shoes a deep black. "N—No. No. Why?" As he attempts to step away from the blot, he trips over his own feet and falls flat on the ground, golden eyes wide as they continue to observe the blot.

The blot, for some reason, isn't like Leona's— all heavy and filled with shame, though Jack thinks Leona's own sense of shame and embarrassment contributed heavily to that— which then begged the question: what would his blot latch onto, since it was already here? Shaking his head, Jack attempts to stand, but falls over his own feet again, panting.

"Wha— I don't— I can't—" Jack pants, shoving himself up as he runs past the pile of blot, and all of a sudden, the walls start closing on him, and breathing gets harder. "I can't— I have to — LEONA-SENPAI!!!!" he screams, hoping to attract the senior he saved, his idol, the man he hopes to emulate one day as a leader— but he's nowhere to be found, and *of course he wouldn't be*, a voice whispers, sensually wrapping itself around his eyes and mouth, leaving his body feeling heavy.

Manacled.

Of course he wouldn't be here, the voice repeats, and his shoes are so dark he can't see them anymore.

Why would he help you? Have you done anything worth noticing?

I saved him, I tried to save him— *but did you? Or did you doom him to more pain? Did you save him from STYX?*

No, I swear, if I was there, I would have— *You're just a little pup. Useless*.

Maybe, if I try hard enough, he'll see me, the real me— *Not worth loving. Not worth caring for*.

"You wanna get better? Stop relying on others to shoulder the burdens you can't handle." — *See?*

You're worthless.

He doesn't bother to listen, stepping tentatively onto the golden sands of his dorm before it shifts under his blotful gaze— and then, all Jack Howl sees is ice.

As Leona struggles through the snow, isolated from the rest of the dorm and the people he trusts, he notes small things about the wind and the air.

The storm doesn't make sense. Not just because it's the desert— he's seen environmental magic and runes mess with weather before— but because it smells wrong. There's no damp weight of real snow in the air, just a brittle cold threaded with magic so thick it coats his teeth in several layers. On top of that, it somehow manages to smell like a rotting corpse.

He's already combed the stretch between the training grounds and the track field twice, ignoring the sting of frost against his skin. No Jack. No trail he can follow, except for ice veins crawling along the ground like they're hunting something, or worse, someone.

“Oi! Pup!” Leona’s voice is sharp, cutting through the wind, but it vanishes before it can echo back to him. By the time he loops around the far edge of the grounds, the cold has gotten worse— sharp enough to bite through his thickest coat, specifically built for situations like this.

“Fuckin’ ironic.” he mutters. “This was gifted by the pup.”

But no matter how hard he looks or searches for Jack’s scent— still nothing. He curses under his breath, turns back toward the dorm.

The moment Leona steps back into the dorm’s outer area, with the news of Jack being lost, the wind rips at his clothes and hair, carrying stinging flecks of ice that cut his skin like glass. The lounge windows are fogged over from the inside, a faint, frantic glow of fire-based spellwork flickering against the frost, a last attempt by his juniors to keep the dorm warm.

Somewhere beneath the howl of the storm, he can hear something else—low, guttural, almost a growl. Leona’s tail flicks, ears unconsciously tilting towards the sound. “The pup’s close.” he mutters to no one in particular, opening the doors just a sliver before slamming them shut behind him, rushing to the windows to bolster the curtains.

Too close, likely the source of the storm itself.

And it’s only getting hungrier.

Leona sighs, wondering if he should head out again. Outside, a low, guttural moan resounds, cutting through the biting air, and Ruggie somehow appears behind him. “You didn’t find the frosh? Where the hell is he now?” he asks, not looking at Leona’s face.

“Stay put in the dorm,” is all Leona responds, turning away from the billowing, rattling curtains to walk outside into the storm covering the Spelldrive pit. “No one enters or leaves unless I say so. You’re in charge again, Ruggie. You got that?”

He doesn’t wait for Ruggie’s protest— he can feel it on the tip of the hyena’s tongue, that familiar *Leona-san, are you seriously doing this alone?*—but Leona’s already out the door again, shoving himself into the storm.

The sound of something— or many things— moving in the snow hits him first. His ears twitch with the unpleasantness of the sound, and the base of his tail stiffens at the feeling of a threat. A howl cuts through the eerie silence— not quite wolf, even less a human— piercing through the wind and rattling his bones.

"Jack? Howl? Frosh?" Leona musters enough courage to shout out, but again, like the last time, it vanishes before it can echo back to him. "Damn it, where are you?"

The Spelldrive pitch is different now, Leona notes as he traverses through the snow. Jagged peaks of ice stretch as far as his eyes can see in the snowstorm, fractal veins twisting toward the heart of the storm. The wind claws at his throat as he forces himself forward, boots crunching on shards of crystal ice. His ears catch every creak and groan of ice as it grows, spreading like disease.

And then, after almost what seems like an eternity of crunching ice and making sure he doesn't impale himself somewhere, Leona spots his trouble-maker.

Or at least, what's left of him.

Jack— standing next to a mangled wolf-version of himself— stares at him from atop one of the jagged ice peaks, golden eyes staring unflinchingly at him through the snow. His frame is swollen with swirling shadows, the familiar drip of blot coating his cheekbones and his sclera. An icy chain wraps itself around his wrists, the steely ice chains extending to another collar around his throat.

Despite the frame of iciness, Leona manages to spot the familiar fear in his eyes. "Pup!" he shouts for Jack, voice carrying over the noise of the storm like a whipcrack.

"L—eona— Sen—p—ai?" he hears as Jack jerks his head up and down, lips peeled back in a snarl that doesn't seem to match the desperation of Leona's name. He takes a step forward, unsure of how to snap Jack out of it. *What did the frosh do when I overblotted?* He thinks, hand outstretched towards the malignant creature wearing his junior's face.

"Snap out of it. You're not this weak. Don't let the blot drag you under."

But the storm answers for Jack, a dreaded chill creeping up Leona's spine as the wind and the ice roars around the two of them. Jack— or the wolf-form besides him, Leona isn't sure which— swipes to attack, movements heavy given his build but fast, faster than Leona'd ever seen him be.

"Fuck— kid's really lost it," Leona mutters, straightening as he dodges another attack. He doesn't draw a weapon yet, nor does he chant the spell for his Unique Magic— not yet, he reminds himself. Not when the pup's still underneath all that blot.

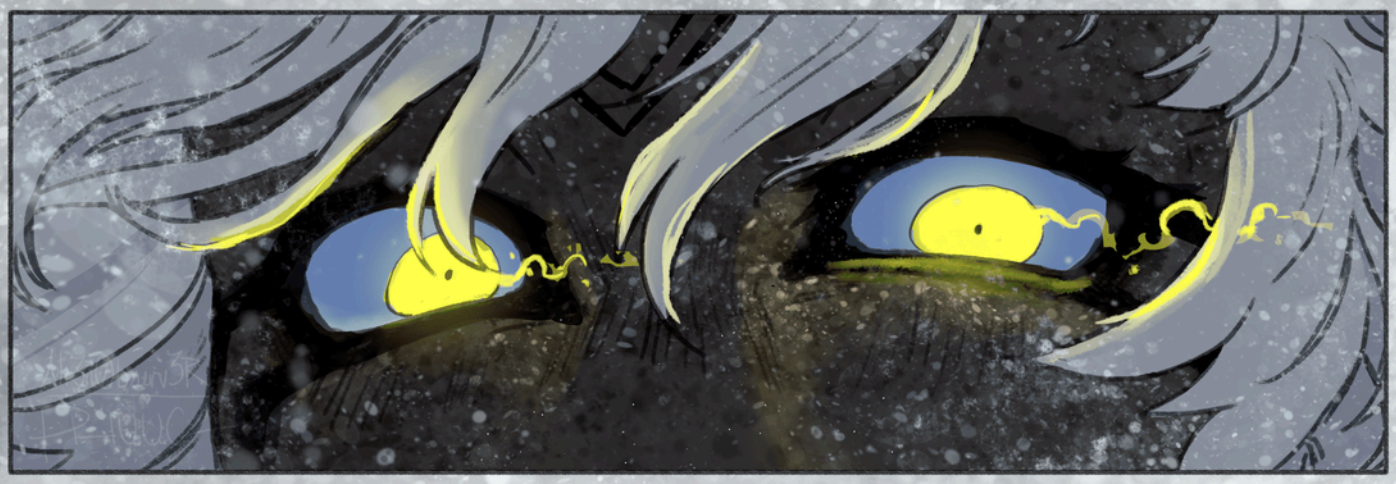
"Leona-senpai…" Jack's voice breaks through, more clearly than the last time, for half a second before the blot cuts him off, twisting his words into another guttural snarl.

Leona plants his feet firmly on the icy grounds of the Spelldrive pitch, shoulders squaring against the storm that is literal ice and Jack combined. His pulse is steady, but his jaw is tight, teeth grinding against each other, all while his instincts scream at him to run, not look back, head back inside for warmth and safety.

"You think I'm lettin' you rot in this mess?" Leona calls out to the shimmering ice, though he can't see Jack as he moves. "Think again. You called for me, pup. I heard it. Now fight your way back, or I'll drag you out myself."

The storm screams louder this time, ice crawling up Leona's boots and biting into his skin. Jack lunges again, this time faster, a blur of shadow and frost. Leona exhales, low and dangerous, green eyes sparkling through the storm.

"Guess we're doin' this the hard way."



PATCHED UP
EGG

THANKS FOR READING!
GO BACK SAFELY NOW—
DON'T LET THEM CATCH
YOU.

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